

Sunday
September, 17, 1944

Hello Darling;

I love you!

I haven't done a thing all day except lie on my bed and read - Mr. Pinkerton Finds a Body, Yank, Time - and write a letter to Jim Martin.

Yesterday, after I wrote that letter to you, Howard and I went to the hotel to eat dinner and then at 6:00 P.M. we went into the bar, got ourselves a couple of stools and pushed on them until midnight, with a few interruptions to visit the john. I enjoyed myself very much and was quite wall-eyed when I left the place. All I drank all night was beer. We went in there and had a couple of drinks and then started talking to the bartender who turned out to be a Puerto Rican who lived in the Bronx New York. His name was Jeremiah Cordes and he was typically Latin with long black hair, a mustache, black eyes, and even a dimpled scar on the side of his chin. He told us he had come to California because he had in-law trouble and wanted to get away from it all so he left his wife with her family and came out here. We finally convinced him that what he should do was go back to New York and get his wife and move out away from her family, letting them know just where they stood. He didn't need much persuasion and said that he was going

to toss up his job Monday and go back home. He kept giving us drinks on the house and we had quite a time. The other customers were getting rather peeved though because he spent all his time talking to us and would only venture down the bar to take orders every now and then. Toward the end of the evening he was quite well lubricated himself and was mixing up everyone's orders and quite generally confusing himself and the customers. It was a lot of fun though.

As I started to get tight ~~to~~ I hauled out my sketch book and did some caricatures of people at the bar. The caricatures turned out very ~~of~~ well but were very frank and brutal. I made several enemies when people peered over my shoulder and picked out a caricature of themselves. It amused me because they usually recognized themselves and yet were offended at the sketch. Poor Howard was nearly frantic. He thought sure that I'd get us in trouble with some of the people by doing that and was continually urging me not to stare so at the people I was sketching. I felt quite merry. It's the first time I've gotten potted in a heck of a while and I enjoyed myself. Only wish that Bob Kennedy had been here with me. Of course, even more than that I wish that you

could have been here to take care of me afterward. I really needed care. I wasn't sick or anything like that but I could have used some help and would have welcomed yours much more than anyone's Darling.

I think Jeremiah was getting rather disgusted with us for a while because he'd keep introducing us to girls - by a stretch of the imagination they could be called girls, that is if you had failing vision and a very good imagination - and we'd continually not be interested. I was much too interested in talking to Jeremiah and sketching to be bothered by any of the bar flies I was introduced to, and Howard was much too absorbed trying to keep the people whom I was sketching away from the sketches. It was wonderful while it lasted.

We got back here all night and then had a nice brisk walk seven blocks to the barracks. I guess I wasn't walking fast enough to suit Howard so he draped one of my ~~arms~~ around his neck and practically ran me up to the barracks. I unbuttoned my shirt and took off my ~~last~~ tie with my free hand and Howard was busily trying to button me up again so I wouldn't catch a worse cold. When I did get in the barracks I was undressed and in bed in far less time than a minute. I slept very well too and didn't awake until 800 A.M. when I rushed over to the mess hall just in time to get something to eat.

My cold has now become a chest cold. I don't know where it'll spread next. It started out as a sore throat, then a head cold, and now a chest cold. Maybe it's breaking up I hope. It had better because if not I'll really spend all my time washing out handkerchiefs.

Tomorrow morning I start out on my new job. I hope it isn't anything strenuous and feel sure that it will not be. If it is I will have to do something about it.

You should see the nice little beard I have Honey. I didn't shave yesterday or the day before. I'll have to before I go to bed though because if I don't I'll never be able to cut it off without ripping my face all up. That's the only thing I don't like about letting my beard go for a day or so. It's so hard to cut it afterward.

I suppose you'll be starting school again this week. Gosh, I wish I were there with you again this term. That would be marvelous. It's a damned shame I had to waste so much time before I started going out with you. I should have met you during my first term there and then we could have gone together six months longer. You could have gone home with me on my furloughs and met the family and well undoubtedly have been married a long time ago and everything would've been wonderful.

Of course it's all very wonderful now, but it would've been even more so.

In a couple more days I will be an orphan. I think that Wednesday all the fellows who were on that shipping order will be leaving. Most of the fellows I know are on that order too. I'm anxious to find out when the orders will come out on me. Maybe they'll come out tomorrow morning and I won't have to go to work.

I was speaking with one of the fellows who works at Railway Express about sending a package home and he says that all packages must be inspected before being shipped. It seems that the reason for this is that one day a fellow came in with a large and very bulky package to send home. The fellow accepted it and lifted it up to put it on the pile when he found that it weighed a ton. The officer in charge inspected it just for the heck of it and they found a fire extinguisher in it. He had taken it from the barracks and was sending it home to his folks for some fantastic reason or other. From that time on ~~they~~ they received orders to inspect all packages leaving the post.

After last night's binge I am down to about \$1.50 for the rest of the month. I am going to be ~~limited~~ limited to going to the show and reading books. I did have the foresight to buy ten air mail

stamps though, so I'll be able to mail my letters to you air mail so you'll get them sooner. How long does it take you to get my letters Darling? I should start getting some from you tomorrow or Tuesday, I hope. I do so like to hear from you.

Guess I'll close now. It's time to go back if I want to shave tonight. So goodnight Sweetheart. I send you all my love and will see you in a dream tonight.

I love you
Freddie